SEE *Everything* IN MONTANA

PUBLISHED BY THE MONTANA STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

MONTANA

. . . is friendly

So you're hankering to come to Montana this year? Our latchstring is out and swinging in those fresh breezes that keep Montana air mighty cool and fine for breathing. We'll be proud to have you light and set a spell after you've arrived. There's lots to see . . . lots to do . . . and plenty of room to do it in. In fact, there are 94,078,000 acres, for Montana is 535 miles across and 275 miles north and south, as the crow flies. There's almost as much territory standing on end. The lowest point in the State is only a little more than 1,800 feet, while the highest soars 12,850 feet into the air.

When old Dame Nature set about designing this country she must have been in an amiable mood for she was sure lavish in distributing an assortment of scenery and livability in all parts of the State. You name it . . . Montana has it.

In the eastern portion of the State there are great stretches of plains country. As you skim over the crest of a knoll you may spy a coyote racing through the sage brush or see white flags flash as a band of antelope leap away. This was buffalo country. On its lush grasses hundreds of thousands grew sleek and fat. The buffalo fell at the crack of Sharps rifles and today blooded beef critters and woolies, such as Hereford and Angus; Rambouillet and Hampshires, are putting on the kind of meat especially savored wherever good eating is favored. Those fields of grain could be hard northern wheat . . . the high protein kind that commands premium prices on every market. Montana's agriculture is balanced by a combination of irrigated and dry land ranching to assure continued prosperity.

As you roll along west at an easy 55 over a well-paved highway, single buttes thrust into the blue sky. These are left-overs of prehistoric landscapes which have been eroded to present contours during the past million or so years. If the story told in rocks and rock-strata makes your bump of curiosity throb, Montana is the place for you. Every geological period has left its mark somewhere in the State.

Continuing westward, the buttes merge into isolated mountain ranges that hint at the towering peaks to come . . . the Continental Divide, the vertebrae of North America. The highway is more curvaceous than a movie queen and much safer . . . you are in deep canyons paralleled by green-clad mountains. This is the western portion of Montana.

To the south, in Yellowstone National Park, Old Faithful geyser spouts faithfully; to the north is glorious Glacier National Park, chuck full of unrivaled scenic grandeur.

You are in the plumb center of Nature's mountain playground. If pressed right diligently, Montanans will admit that the Treasure State is pretty close to leading the field when it comes to enjoying a profusion of fishing and hunting areas, scenic grandeur and places where plain or fancy loafing whims can be indulged. But that isn't all.

Montana is Opportunity. Within its borders men and women from all over the Nation are getting a chance to build their own business . . . to ranch on their own spread . . . to work for good wages in a state where they can breathe air that isn't second-hand nor filled with smoke . . . where a fellow is just a whoop and a holler from scenic and recreation spots . . . where neighbors are neighborly.

Don't hurry through Montana. There is so much to see. Many of the places are off the major highways. For instance, near Chinook, U. S. 2, is the Bear Paw battlefield; Ubet, a ghost town, is only a few miles from Lewistown, U. S. 87. The Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison rivers join to form the mighty Missouri, close to the town of Three Forks, U. S. 10; Bannack, first capital of the Territory, now a ghost town with only a few residents, is near Dillon, U. S. 91;—to mention but four of hundreds of places in which you will be interested. Ask at the station where you buy your gasoline, the restaurant, the hotel or cabin camp, what there is to see close by. The courteous attendant will be happy to tell you and if you See Everything in Montana your trip will be more complete; far richer in experience.

So do See Everything in Montana this year. And as you are doing so, please remember the Treasure State offers a lot of opportunity for a fellow with get-up and go.

DRIVE HIGHWAYS

MACO SICA . the Bad Lands

US 2 US 10 US 12 US 212 MONT 18

For hundreds of thousands of years, Dame Nature has amused herself by whipping the sandstones and shales in the Bad Land country with gusty, turbulent winds. Every so often, she opened the sluice gates and rushing flash floods surged through the coulees. Combined, the wind and water have created havoc until the rocks have been washed and cut into strange and freakish shapes. Weirdly awesome, Montana's Bad Lands are fascinating. Brilliant colors, freshened by fingers of light, contrast with deep shadows caused by over-hanging rock ledges. This is a happy hunting ground for photographers, who find in every coulee, on every promontory, from every cliff, spectacular views where patterns of light and shadow shift constantly. It's hard to induce a camera enthusiast to leave.

Paleontologists and other such folk hit the jack-pot in this area. Although the oldest old-timer can't remember it, this used to be a swampy, humid region approved of by fairly unsociable residents. These prehistoric monsters left their bones scattered over many miles. A fossil hunter finds his efforts rewarded.

For many years, Rocky Mountain sheep, or what are commonly called Bighorns, thrived in the Bad Lands area. But because they were not protected, irresponsible killers slaughtered them until none were left. During the past years, however, the Restoration division of the Montana Fish and Game department have transplanted these spiral-horned critters into the region. The Restoration gents, who know their wild life, are confident that in a very short time the Bad Lands again will be the stage upon which the Bighorns cavort.

The Bad Lands country starts at Montana's southern border near Alzada and Ekalaka, skirts Broadus, Baker and Miles City pointing north, swings west near Glendive and Sidney and then stretches out toward the setting sun just north of Circle and Jordan and south of Glasgow and Havre.

Whether you are driving along U. S. Highway 2, 10, 12, 212, or Montana 18, take a little time and see the Bad Lands . . . they're worth it.

U. S. Army Engineer Photo

Fort Peck Recreational Area

DRIVE HIGHWAYS US 2 MONT. 18

Irrigation and reclamation of thousands of fertile acres was essential to northern Montana's prosperity. But when the Army engineers moved in with an eye toward taming and putting to work the mighty Missouri by constructing the largest earth filled dam in the world, (more than 20,000 feet long, 250.5 feet high), they had no idea they'd create Montana's newest recreational area. But that is what they did.

The Missouri backed up almost 190 miles and spread out 16 miles to form an engineer-made lake with a shore line of 1,600 miles. Not satisfied with merely constructing a magnificent lake surrounded by pine-clad hills and Bad Lands, the engineers developed a plan by which recreational and fishing sites will be created. Only a couple of miles from Glasgow on U. S. 2 is the Fort Peck area where camping, picknicking, and boating facilities are ready for your use. Just north of Jordan on Montana 18 is the Hell Creek area, surrounded by the "baddest" Bad Lands in the entire region. Here too, are facilities to make your stay more enjoyable.

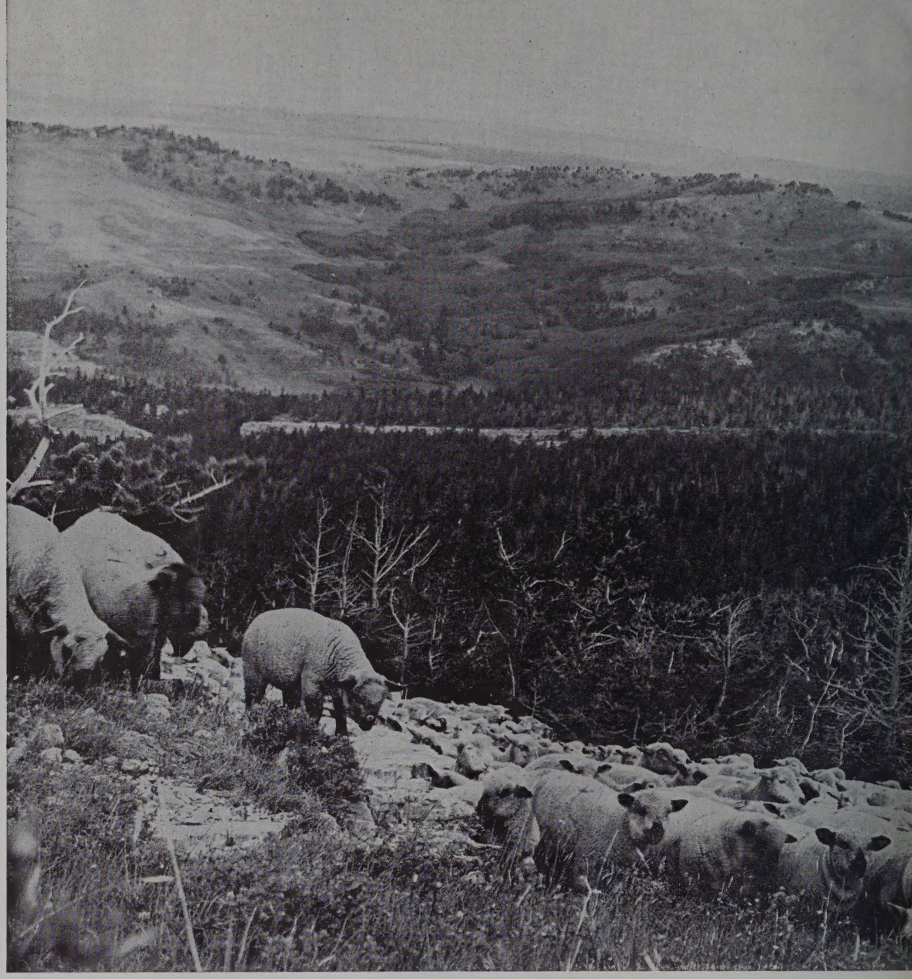
This is real Opportunity, as the thousands and thousands who will visit the great dam and electric power generating site will want meals . . . cabins . . . and all other appurtenances so necessary to modern living. These concessions may be secured by the enterprising.

Pike, catfish, ling, sturgeon, perch, bass, crappies and trout waggled their tail fins in the far reaches of the Missouri and lazily drifted downstream for a look-see at this new lake. It was the kind of a place for which they were searching . . . so they stayed and grew big and pugnacious as any fisherman who has had a hook in one will testify. There is no hunting immediately surrounding the Recreational Area for it is a game preserve, but just a short way away there are deer, upland game birds, and ducks galore.

At Fort Peck is a State Game Farm on which can be seen many varieties of Montana's upland game birds. It's well worth a visit.

If you are seeking a vacation spot . . . here is fun. If you are seeking to be on your own . . . here is opportunity. The Fort Peck Recreational Area has both.

Montana Wool Grower Photo



MOTHER EARTH

Throughout Montana's 146,997 square miles, Mother Earth has been right liberal about providing all sorts of country ideal for growing things . . . whether it be timber, livestock or agricultural products. On better than 4 million acres is grown about 60 million bushels of hard, high-protein wheat that commands premium prices on any market. So do Montana seed peas, mustard seed, alfalfa seed and flaxseed. Much of the wheat is ground at Montana mills into a flour especially appreciated by the one who does the baking in your family. Succulent peas and beans, canned in Treasure State canneries, provide the epicure the finest eating that ever graces his table. Sugar beets are grown in almost all sections of the State and their sweetness extracted and refined. The sugar is sacked and shipped to all parts. Fruit grown in the Bitterroot valley and on the graceful shores of Flathead Lake are prized as delicacies, either packed or canned.

Although their inane antics might drive their growers to distraction, big bronze, double-breasted turkeys are raised, quick frozen and shipped to all parts of the Nation for better gourmandizing.

Vast stands of native pine, fir and larch, 21,000,000 acres, supply lumber mills and pole manufacturing plants.

In the early days, cattle placidly added to their weight on lush prairies and in forest glades, unmolested except for a few small inconveniences such as wolves and marauding bands of astigmatic Indians who mistook them for buffalo.

Today, the wolves are almost gone and the Indians can spot a cow for miles without eyestrain. Registered bulls fetching $1,000 or more on the market are common, for Montana beef, sporting about 30,000 different brands, grow fat and sassy on the rich grasses.

Closely following the beef critters and so as to fill hungry young stomachs with rich, creamy milk, enter-

Montana State Chamber of Commerce Photos

IS BOUNTIFUL

prising folk began to raise milk cows. Although, today, much of the milk is sold in pasteurized or homogenized form to suffice juvenile appetites and alleviate ulcers, more is sold to the many modern creameries scattered throughout Montana. It is made into mighty sweet tasting butter and nippy cheese.

Sheep, like cattle, are found in all sections of the Treasure State . . . east or west, north or south. If you are driving in Montana during the latter part of May or early June, those puffs of white that suddenly explode upwards aren't giant pop-corn kernels a'poppin'. They're frisky lambs jumping for the sheer pleasure of living.

There are more than three million sheep growing fine wool and appetizing chops in the Treasure State. As the industry grew, experiments were made to determine the best breed for Montana range conditions. Today the most favored are Rambouillet, Hampshire and crossbreeds of the two. That black-faced one you see is a Hampshire.

Through the 13 livestock markets located at strategic places in the State, almost a million cattle, sheep, hogs and horses pass each year. At Billings, Great Falls, Butte and Missoula are meat packing plants which put up fancy products, at Sidney are great feed lots where cattle and sheep are fattened for market.

Angora rabbits are grown for their wool, which is knitted into mighty fine sweaters, mittens, scarfs and other items designed to keep you warm.

If you have a green thumb or are hankering to grow your own steaks or wool shirt on the hoof, or want to be on your own, manufacturing things from these products, the Treasure State offers you plenty of opportunity to satisfy your craving. If you want more information drop this office a note, we'll be glad to oblige.

Four Montana Highways Lead You Into

U. S. 12 IS THE FAMED RED LODGE-COOKE CITY ENTRANCE

You'll soon be going up and across the Backbone of the World as you drive the Red Lodge-Cooke City highway into Yellowstone. By an easy, safe grade you'll wind and twist around wide curves as you climb on high to an elevation of almost 11,000 feet. Numerous turn-out places have been built so you can stop and look down many thousands of feet onto frigid mountain lakes. They look right below you, but you can't ripple their surface with a thrown rock. You are far above timber line. Snow fields are to your left . . . to your right . . . for this is the country where you ski in July. Until August the high plateau is delicately tinted with the fabulous colors of flowers that bloom only at high altitudes.

From one curve you can see more territory than there is in all of the New England states combined.

U. S. 10 THEN U. S. 89 IS THE ORIGINAL GARDINER ENTRANCE

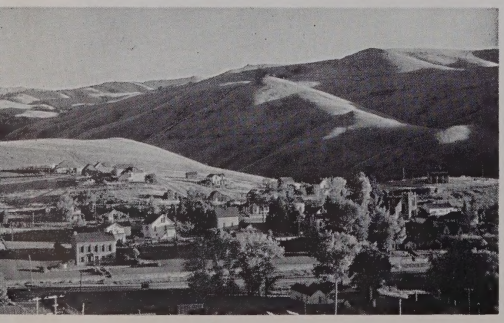
Livingston Chamber of Commerce Photo

Wheeling south onto US 89 at Livingston, a well-paved, constantly maintained highway leads between the Absaroka and Gallatin mountain ranges and follows the water grade route of the Yellowstone River to the Park. Every year avid Isaac Waltons whip this river in competition for the $1,000.00 prize offered in the Livingston Trout Derby. There are more top-flight Dude Ranches in this part of the State than there are spots on a month-old fawn. Gardiner is the nationally known hunting area where hundreds get their elk every year. It is the original entrance to Yellowstone. In 1903 Teddy Roosevelt flashed his famous grin, said "Bully", and laid the cornerstone for the Arch that bears his name.

U. S. 10 THEN U. S. 191 IS THE POPULAR GALLATIN ENTRANCE

One of the most popular entrances to Yellowstone borders the Gallatin River from Bozeman on US 10 to West Yellowstone via US 191. This region, too, is Dude Ranch country and is teeming with big game and fighting trout. The oiled highway weaves around the base of rugged mountains as it follows the floor of Gallatin Canyon. Although the region around Bozeman is one of the most prolific agricultural and stock raising areas in the Nation, there's a lot of additional activity, also. West Yellowstone, on the edge of the Park, offers the visitor a myriad of activities appreciated by many. Like all of Montana, there's plenty of Opportunity here for those who are looking for a chance to be on their own.

MONTANA 1 THEN MONTANA 34 LEADS TO VIRGINIA CITY



And so, genial Henry Plummer was elected sheriff at Virginia City when it was the second capital of the Territory back in the '60's. That bit of misplaced confidence ushered in an open season on miners and others who were weighted down with gold dust from the rich placer diggings. Plummer organized the "Innocents", a gang of stick-up artists, robbers and murderers who for sheer ferocity would make a modern gang seem like Sunday school pets. These gents went about their business with such zeal that the more law-abiding citizens headed by W. F. Sanders, banded together as Vigilantes and decorated trees, rafters or anything handy and upright with them.

Virginia City is being restored just as it was more than 80 years ago, but, with commendable wisdom, Plummer's gang has been omitted and various modern appurtenances, now considered necessities, have been added. It's the flavor of the old days.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Montana Chamber of Commerce Photo

It all started because John Colter was a discerning young feller and knew a good country when he saw it. He left the Lewis and Clark expedition to make moccasin tracks back to the Land of Shining Mountains. During his perambulations he wandered into a veritable inferno of geysers, boiling pools and molten lava. When he returned to civilization a year or so later he expounded upon the wonders of this weird region. Jim Bridger, who was a lot better than a green hand at trapping and guiding, backed his play; but as both had worked diligently to earn the reputation of never letting the truth interfere with a good story, interest in the area was notable by its absence. In more than less derision it was called Colter's Hell.

And so it remained until 1870, when the Washburn-Langford Expedition made a special trip. There had been prior expeditions into the inferno but it was around the campfires of the Washburn party that the idea was born to make it a National Park. Or so the old-timers say. Anyway, the upshot was that people began drifting in to see for themselves. Now, approximately a million visitors are coming to the Park each season.

In the old days it was no trip for a tenderfoot. There weren't oiled highways nor the hospitable hotel and cabin camps there are today. The trip was made aboard a cayuse and dinner was ready only after the cook yelled "Come and git it." The bright stars made a mighty fine roof most nights.

There has been so much written about the wonders in Yellowstone (and all of it inadequate) that for you skeptical folk who opine "seeing is believing", we say . . . Come on out,—Old Faithful is still spouting per schedule; Yellowstone Canyon is always mecca for painters and photographers; other geysers, less regular than Old Faithful, are doing their stuff for the edification of onlookers. The cold and the boiling pools are irridescent; the paint pots are bubbling; the lava is there. So, come on out to Yellowstone Park . . . and see for yourself . . . Colter's Hell.

5,000 MILES OF PAVED HIGHWAY

A network of over 5,000 miles of wide, constantly maintained, paved highways criss-cross the Treasure State to lead you through deep canyons, over mountains and across rolling prairies. Diligent research and many experiments have perfected highway surfaces and grades to assure you easy, effortless driving.

Montana's highways have been engineered with an eye toward safety. Even when you are skimming over mountain ranges, you'll find the grades easy and the edges well protected.

If you happen to be delayed a moment or two at a construction job or are asked to detour for a mile or so, please be patient. As the number of months during which construction and maintenance can be done in Montana is limited, crews are working strenuously manicuring and furbishing the highways so you can travel even more enjoyably through the Treasure State.

After many tests, our engineers have decided that 55 miles an hour is a safe driving speed in most areas . . . some, of course, should be driven more slowly. But merely because you are allowed to travel at 55 miles an hour, it is no reason you should. Take it easier, drive a little more slowly and you'll enjoy your trip through the "Land of Shining Mountains" more as you "See Everything."

Commissioners who direct Montana's highway program are
Harry Soderberg, Walter H. Bolkovatz, Nel Bach, T. W. Elliott, John Graham

ALONG
HIGHWAY

The Milwaukee Railroad Photo

LEWIS AND CLARK CAVERN

Because Dan Morrison had a bump of curiosity and followed an eagle which flew into a hole in a mountain, Lewis and Clark Cavern was discovered. In 1935, a third of a century later, the area was established as a State Park and in 1941 was dedicated officially.

It used to be you had to hike up a trail, but now a narrow-gauge railroad carries you from the parking lot to the man-made entrance. Within a few steps, the Cavern's weird wonders begin to unfold. Electric lights thrust into sharp relief stalactites, stalagmites, scarfs, cascades, crystals, columns, box work and flowstone formation. The entire formation of time-worn Madison limestone has been judged by experts as being the most complex in the Nation. To geologists, the clusterites are particularly interesting for they were first classified in the Cavern.

Outstanding in beauty is the Cathedral Room in which six separate systems of lighting play upon the rock formations and bring to life the shimmering loveliness for which the entire Cavern is famous.

As you travel along US 10.S, plan to spend an hour or so in the Cavern. It will be an experience you will never regret nor forget.

Lewis and Clark Cavern is but one of the Parks, camp grounds and picnic spots operated by the State. Others are located in such places as in the eastern Montana Bad Lands, on the shores of Flathead Lake and in particularly scenic spots close to highways. For complete information, write us and we'll be happy to furnish you with the data you want.

LAKE FISHING IS GOOD IN MONTANA

When you come to Montana this year, don't forget your fishing rod. You'll need it, because there's plenty of fighting fish just daring you to put a hook into them. For those of you who prefer lake fishing, Montana has hundreds; some large, some small, but all filled to the brim with trout, ling, pike, catfish, sturgeon, bass or perch. Some of the lakes are close to the highway, while to reach others necessitates a horse or a pair of hiking boots. Boats, either the muscle propelled variety or those driven by motor, can be obtained most places.

Sitting in a boat floating on cool, clear water while you cast your line, sorta does things for you. The air is fresh and salubrious . . . the mountains or hills rim the lake protectingly . . . and deep down in the crystal waters are hundreds of finned fighters just waiting to test your skill and strength. Everything's calm . . . everything's peaceful . . . and then a couple of pounds of dynamite hooks onto your line . . . the water roils . . . and you have a battle on your hands. When you win, there's good eating lying in your basket just waiting for you to get to shore. Grease up that old frying pan, plunk in your catch, and then sit back comfortably to enjoy a most wondrous blend of aromas . . . frying fish and clean wood smoke, spiced by the pungent odor of pine and fir and tamarack. Life's really worth living.

RICHES BENEATH THE SURFACE

Those scaffold-like contraptions you see standing against the mountainside every once in a while are not gallows designed to intimidate the nefarious. They are headframes used to hoist rich ore from the mines beneath them. When Montana was nicknamed the "Treasure State" many years ago, the fellows who hung that cognomen upon her didn't realize the truth of their own statement, for they were thinking only of the gold and silver deposits. Within Montana's borders today are found deposits of 19 different metallic minerals of which lead, copper, zinc, silver, gold and manganese are the most important. Out of the drifts and stopes of the mines in the Butte area is hoisted 15% of the Nation's entire supply of copper and from manganese mines is produced 70% of the Nation's high-grade battery manganese.

But Montana does not boast only of her wealth of metallic minerals. Deposits of 27 kinds of non-metallics are scattered throughout the State. The most important of these, in production value, are oil, natural gas and coal. Oil and natural gas deposits are not partial to merely one small region. They are found in varying amounts from Cut Bank and Shelby in the north, to the southeastern corner of the State.

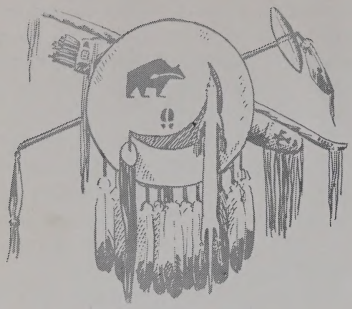
At Klein, Belt, Roundup and Bearcreek, are large deposits of bituminous coal and in the eastern portion of Montana geologists have estimated there are more than 400 billion tons of sub-bituminous and lignite coal.

Montana is the largest producer in the world of vermiculite, an insulating mineral, while corundum of exceptionally good quality is found in Gallatin county, one of the two workable deposits in the entire Nation.

For the fellow who wants to be on his own, mining or manufacturing mineral products should not be overlooked. Except for copper and manganese, Montana's deposits are not controlled by established companies. In the old days, raw gold was the magnet which drew the miners, but today, there is opportunity for manufacturers to convert into finished products Montana's wealth of non-metallic and metallic minerals.

Bye the bye, Montana is a right rewarding region for rockhounds. Along its stream banks are found gem sapphires, garnets and oriental rubies. In various areas throughout the state, diligent search will reveal, among many other kinds, such semiprecious stones as rock crystals, moss agates and petrified wood. They will polish up beautifully. In the larger towns are jewelers who cater to the rock hunter. They'll be glad to give you some mighty illuminating suggestions.

If, after driving through the Treasure State, you want more information regarding mining opportunity, please don't hesitate to write us. We can't prospect a gold or silver mine for you, or we'd be out there digging ourselves, but we can give you information and estimates compiled by the Montana School of Mines and the U. S. Bureau of Mines. If you will tell us in what you are particularly interested, we'll try to help.



INDIAN COUNTRY

Montana's original inhabitants didn't camp long in one place. They much preferred wrapping up their lodges or teepees and travoising across the country. As there were quite a number of different tribes which claimed the region, this nomadic habit generated a little friction now and then.

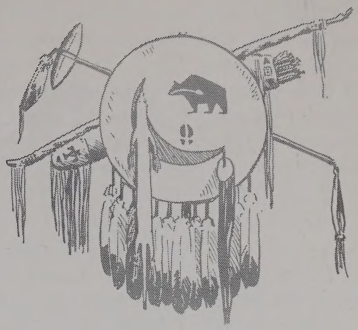
But Montana's residents were fairly adept at bow-twanging . . . they had a lot of practice. And they were plumb indifferent as to whom or with what they tangled. The Sioux and the Blackfeet were the usual headliners, although every once in a while the Crow would ride in for some sport or the Assiniboine or Gros Ventre would join in the melee with clubs swinging. On the western slope, the tribes comprising the Flathead group were top-hands at this form of amusement too. However, for the most part, they confined their activities to entertaining festive visitors from east of the Rockies. A right lively time was had by all.

When the whites decided to take a short cut from the Oregon Trail over the Bozeman Trail (or Bridger Cut-off) to the gold fields of Montana, the Indians remonstrated with them to such good effect that the United States Army had to be called in. It seems that the Indians, in their simple naivete, believed the whites spoke truth when they conceded the territory to the tribes as hunting grounds. It took such doughty battlers as General Miles, Custer, Gibbon and Crook long and often disastrous campaigns before the tribes finally were convinced by irrefutable logic as interpreted by modern rifles. Before this, however, Indian chiefs such as Crazy Horse and Joseph, had given the Army generals some very pointed lessons on how to wage a campaign. Chief Joseph's masterly retreat from the western border of Montana almost to Canada is outstanding in military annals.

The Indians have been mighty peaceful since, except when Uncle Sam calls upon their services. Then the young men (and some older ones, too) take out the war bag and hit the trail. Seems like they are just as skillful at the art as were their grand-daddies . . . which is saying considerable.

Nowadays the Indians have taken to mundane activities of ranching and farming. Although they avail themselves of some paleface contraptions such as houses during the winter months, the summer sees them out on the prairies living just as did their forefathers.

Great Northern Railway Photo



S US 2 US 10 US 12 US 87 US 89 US 93 MONT 8 MONT 29

Poplar in the eastern portion of the State on US 2, is the Agency for the Fort Peck Reservation, on which live the Yankton Sioux and Assiniboine tribes. The ancient Grass, Victory and Rain dances are held whenever the tribal council decrees but the famed Sun Dance is held annually from June 30 to July 4. Farther west, on US 2, is the Fort Belknap Reservation. The Agency is located on the outskirts of Harlem. The Gros Ventre of the Prairie and the Assiniboine, although hereditary enemies, get along peacefully here. A Sun Dance is held annually July 1 and 2, and in September is a great Indian Fair.

Havre is the closest large town to the Rocky Boys Reservation, where the Indians are a mixture of Chippewa-Cree stock from Canada. Many years ago, after an animated discussion, they were chased out of Canada into Montana. They take their name from their former chief, Rocky Boy.

Just north of Great Falls and west of Cut Bank, at Browning is the headquarters for the Blackfeet Reservation. Although the Blackfeet are divided among themselves into three groups, the Pikuni or Piegon, the Bloods and the North Blackfeet, old timers couldn't tell much difference. A warrior from any one of the three tribes was fair-to-middling proficient at hair-raising. The tribes celebrate their own version of the Sun Dance every summer.

In the southern part of the State on US 87 is the Crow Reservation. These Indians are famed for their beadwork and in the old days, quill work. Nearby is the Custer National Monument which marks the place where General Custer's command was annihilated.

Directly to the east on Montana 8 is the Tongue River Reservation, on which live the Northern Cheyennes. These Indians argued heatedly when the Government suggested they go on their Reservation. It took a long time to overrule them. They never have been convinced it's all for the best.

In the far western portion of the State, just north of Missoula, on US 93, is the Flathead Reservation. Here live the confederated tribes of the Flathead nation. During the spring and summer months numerous festivals are held. Among them are the Bitterroot feast, the camas feast and ceremonial dances. In January these Indians hold their ancient blue-jay dance.

All in all, Montana has seven reservations within her borders.

DUDE RANCHES

Write for Free List of Ranches

In the old days, sportive Montanans wiled away an otherwise dull day by practicing violent humor on any easterner who had the temerity to come to a ranch in the Treasure State. Those days are looked back upon with embarrassment. Some of Montana's best citizens came first to merely look and stayed to live. They realized that here was a State just on the verge of expanding at a prodigious rate and with rare good judgment decided they wanted to get in on the ground floor and become part of that growth.

Many of these folk stayed at one or more of the scores of Dude Ranches that abound within Montana's borders. In general, these Ranches can be divided into two classes; those which are an actual operating ranch and take dudes on the side, and those that confine their activities to entertaining guests who want to indulge in plain or frilled resting, judiciously interspersed by any desired amount of horseback riding, fishing, walking or picture taking. Whichever kind of ranch you choose, you can be sure that the food will be good and the portions huge. To those of you to whom a glass of juice hurriedly swallowed, two bites from a piece of toast and a cup of coffee constitutes a monstrous breakfast, your first ranch meal will appear thoroughly incredible. But within a day or so you'll discover trencherman abilities you never suspected. On all ranches, beds and mattresses have been chosen for their sleeping attributes.

There are Dude Ranches on the prairies and in the mountains; on lake shores and hugging the edges of turbulent rivers or swift-running streams. Your choice in ranches is wide, but however falls the coin, you'll be winner for you'll truly enjoy your stay.

The cost varies with the amount of herding you want. Those ranches where you are taken into the family and left somewhat to your own devices, generally charge less than do those on which there is something doing every minute. However, Dude Ranch vacations, on the whole, cost less than do other kinds. This is because the rate is all-inclusive . . . your personal horse, food, lodging, boats if the ranch is on a lake; in fact, everything except such private embellishments as hair-curlers and toothpaste, are part of the weekly rate.

SKI . . . *Above Montana's Clouds*

Fast developing her ski sites, Montana offers ideal conditions to devotees of the flying hickories. In the upper reaches of the State there is plenty of snow which packs and is then covered with soft, fluffy powder. Rub on your fastest wax and let your skis sing you through Montana's winter wonderland. After an exhilarating run or tour you will return to your lodgings, enjoy a steaming noggin, a delicious dinner and fall into bed. For there is always tomorrow with new splendors to see. Her Majesty Montana holds glittering winter court to riders of the flying boards.

During the long ski season, from November through May in most areas, tows and lifts are humming as they transport enthusiasts to the crest of a run. These runs have been developed by technicians to take advantage of the slopes so as to attract every class of skier, whether neophite or expert.

For those of you who have become just a wee bit weary of being lifted up the run and then skimming down, Montana has unrivaled ski-touring. Well-marked trails lead you into the heart of winter loveliness. As you ski over a ridge, a panoramic vista of unsurpassed splendor is spread before your eyes. Just ahead of your ski tips, the mountain falls away gently . . . levels . . . then curves slowly to become part of the high distant ranges. The little valley below, with its sharp contrasts between the deep green of the conifers and the tiny clearing's shimmering whiteness, is an inspiring etching no artist could duplicate.

The largest developments are at Whitefish, near Kalispell and West Yellowstone, but other regions such as Bozeman, Dillon, Lewistown, Great Falls, Ennis, Red Lodge, Helena, Townsend, Butte, Anaconda, Missoula and Hamilton, are favorites of many.

At Gollogly Hot Springs, near Hamilton, are modern accommodations, as there are at Big Mountain, near Whitefish and at West Yellowstone. Although there are not accommodations at the other areas, excellent ones are available in adjacent towns, but a few minutes from most of the sites.

ASK AT PORT OF ENTRY STATION FOR FREE LIST OF RODEOS

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

Plunging, twisting, pitching, sun-fishing broncs will be fighting their way out of wooden chutes this summer in Montana with an earnest effort to catapult their knee-gripping riders into the big sky. Ten seconds on the hurricane deck of an enthusiastic bronc makes a ride . . . but it seems like ten years to the man scratching fore and aft.

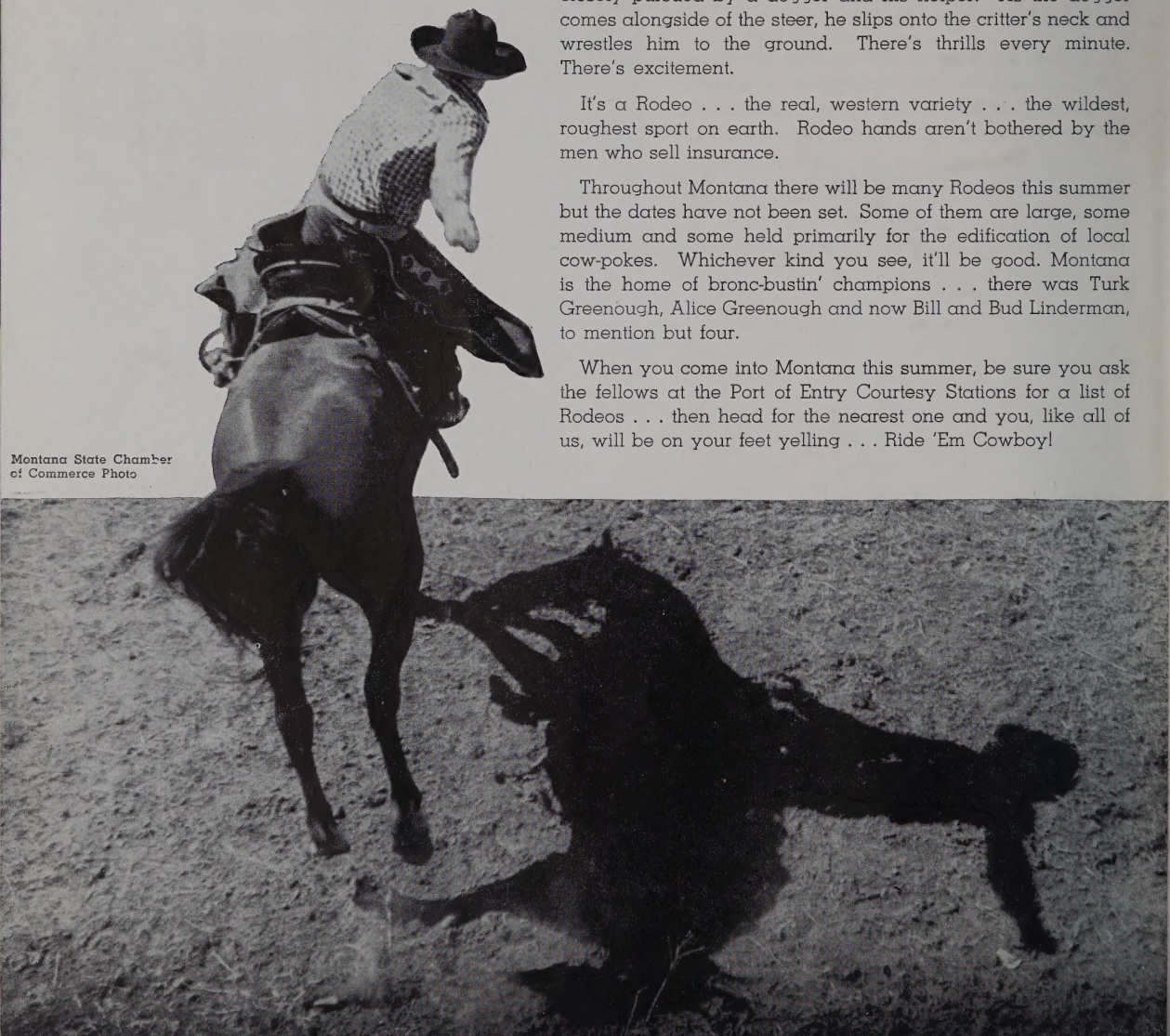
Out of a chute at the arena's far end zig-zags a leaping, bawling dogie. Flattened almost to the ground, a top rope horse carries his rider within distance and the long loop snakes out. As the dogie is caught, the rider leaps from his horse and runs awkwardly on his high-heel boots to the calf. He makes the regulation tie with the piggin string and throws up his hands. The judges announce his time.

A few minutes later, a long-horned steer dashes from a chute closely pursued by a dogger and his helper. As the dogger comes alongside of the steer, he slips onto the critter's neck and wrestles him to the ground. There's thrills every minute. There's excitement.

It's a Rodeo . . . the real, western variety . . . the wildest, roughest sport on earth. Rodeo hands aren't bothered by the men who sell insurance.

Throughout Montana there will be many Rodeos this summer but the dates have not been set. Some of them are large, some medium and some held primarily for the edification of local cow-pokes. Whichever kind you see, it'll be good. Montana is the home of bronc-bustin' champions . . . there was Turk Greenough, Alice Greenough and now Bill and Bud Linderman, to mention but four.

When you come into Montana this summer, be sure you ask the fellows at the Port of Entry Courtesy Stations for a list of Rodeos . . . then head for the nearest one and you, like all of us, will be on your feet yelling . . . Ride 'Em Cowboy!



Montana State Chamber of Commerce Photo

At Great Falls, US 91 and 87, are Giant Springs and the Great Falls of the Missouri discovered in 1805 by the Lewis and Clark expedition. At the latter is one of the generating plants that supply much of Montana with dependable electric power.

Curving through the Big Belt mountains just a couple of miles off US 91 north of Helena, the mighty Missouri passes through a spectacular defile named by Captain Merriwether Lewis in 1805 the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." As you chug along in the cabin cruiser available for trips through the "Gates", it seems as though the mountains, rising sheer from the water's edge, bar your way . . . you can see no channel. Yet, as you cruise, you gain the illusion of the mountains swinging apart slowly, just as though they were gates swinging wide on well-oiled hinges.

On one of the walls is a painted hand, placed there how many years ago and by whom, no one knows. But today, as for many years, its carmine color is still bright against the rock.

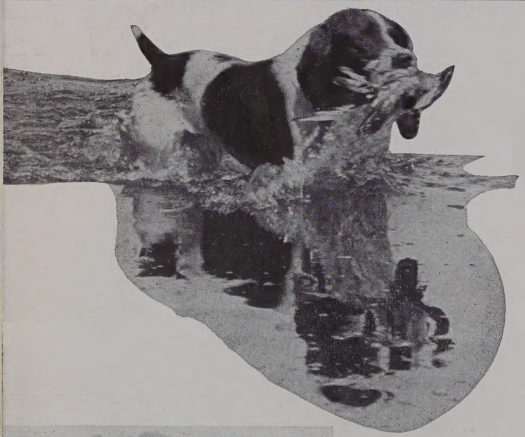
At Helena, the State Capitol, on US 10N and 91, is the State Historical Museum; you'll enjoy a visit.

East a piece, and only a hundred yards off US 91, a placer dredge is washing gold bearing gravel. It's making better than wages.

Near Townsend, US 10N, is Confederate Gulch, which was probably the richest gold-bearing area in the State, for in the old days it was common for miners to find $1,000.00 in nuggets and dust after washing a pan of pay dirt. Even today, that would buy a lot of groceries.

THE CAPITOL BUILDING

DRIVE HIGHWAYS US 87 US 91 US 10N



GAME GALORE

When Her Majesty Montana doffs her green finery in favor of the golden and red insignia of autumn, that is double-fun time in the Treasure State. The air is cool and invigorating . . . the highways are excellent. Montana invites not only the fall vacationist but the hunter as well, for it is in the autumn that the expectant nimrod oils up his shootin' irons, podner.

Montana's fat drakes and ducks gather in lakes and ponds to squawk it over before V-ing southward. Later, Canadian residents are quacking their way along the fly-ways, followed by those wariest of game birds, the wraiths of the night, the big Canadian honkers.

At practically the same time of the year, if you prefer to do your game bird hunting walking across fields, pheasants, sage hens, partridges and grouse hurtle upwards with whirring, rustling wings and zoom or zig-zag across the field. It means fast action and a quick finger, but they're mighty toothsome eating.

Those white flakes falling don't mean winter is approaching. It's only a signal that the deer and elk are beginning to drift from the high places into the lower areas. And don't worry about the temperature . . . it's only zestful enough to put a zing in your blood and a spring in your step. Big game hunting in the Treasure State is all anyone can ask. There are mule and whitetail deer, elk and mountain goat. Bear, both grizzly and black, lumber through the timber. In some areas, with a permit, antelope and moose can be stalked. It is a hunter's paradise. If you want specific information, please drop us a card. We'll try to give you the answers.

Write

For FREE HUNTING INFORMATION

32,000 MILES

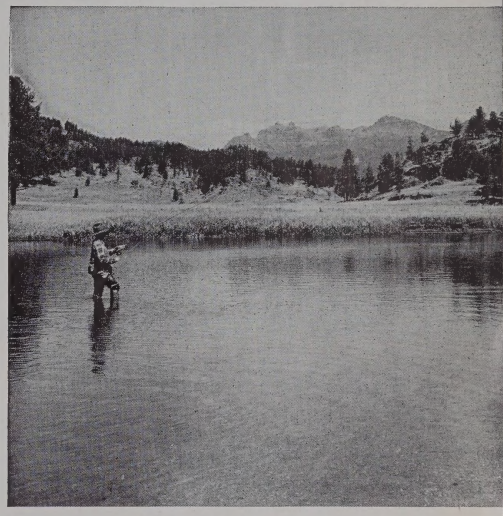
OF WATER FILLED WITH FIGHTING FISH

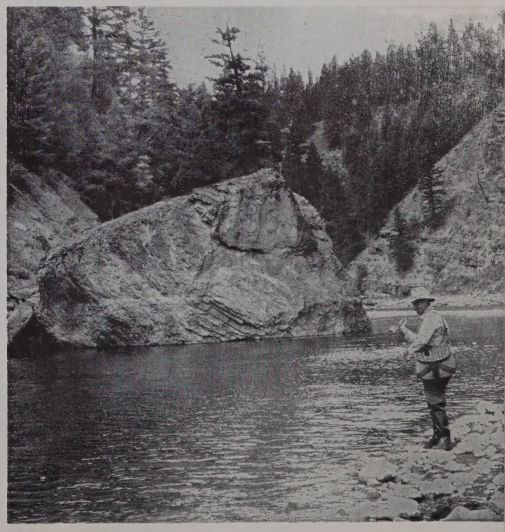
Swift, turbulent water throws white spray over a projecting boulder and, swirling gently around, rests a moment in the rock's protecting lee before continuing its dashing way. There's a big one right there. It's a loch, a cutthroat, a rainbow, a grayling. Whatever breed of chunky fighting fish it may be, when it strikes your skillfully cast fly, you are in for a battle.

Montana's fish are not the effete finny fryers so often hooked in other waters. They are game fish. They entertain no thought of giving up after a half-hearted tug or two merely because you have them on the end of your line. That is only the beginning and, as often as not, the finish finds them resting easily, still in the stream. Montana fish don't look so big but they weigh big. Cold water grows them chunky, close-coupled and they have a lot of zip.

In the smaller streams, pan-size fish are waiting. But don't be too confident merely because they are a little smaller. Stream fishing has its own peculiarities and the trout know all the tricks and practice them.

To many, whether expert or beginning Isaac Walton, fishing in Montana is more than merely hooking onto a big one, although that has its thrills. Nature adds to the enjoyment. Cool, clear waters. Scent of pine and larch and spruce and fir. Fresh, breathable air. The thrill of great expectations that a deer or elk or bear might come to the stream to drink. The peace and quiet of being part of the wilderness. Hearing the slap as a jumping fish falls back into the swift running water. All of these and more are part of the allure of fishing in the Land of Shining Mountains. And best of all, there are plenty of fish to be caught to make your day completely successful. When you come out this year, don't forget your tackle . . . you'll have real fishing. And just imagine . . . how would you like it if these 32,000 miles of fishing waters were right at your own back door the year 'round? They are when you work and live in Montana. Fishing is the frosting on the Treasure State's cake of Opportunity.





GLORIOUS GLACIER

Up in the northwestern portion of Montana is an area that for vaulting beauty and grandeur cannot be equalled. Mundane and pragmatic whites named it Glacier National Park because of its many glacial formations and 60 live glaciers. The Indian, more in tune with nature, calls one of its scores of sheer-walled mountains "Going-to-the-Sun". Perhaps the entire region should have been so named for that is the feeling you have when you are in the Park. It's partially physical and partially spiritual. The sordidness and hyprocrisy of the worldly world slips away and only the clean truth of Nature remains.

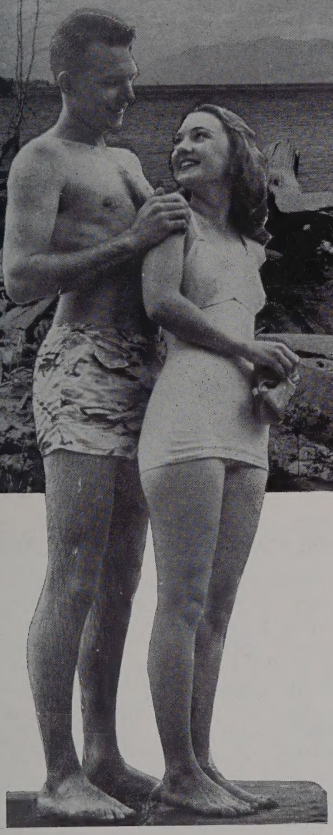
But it takes a little time to gain this feeling of oneness with the Park. It can't be done by merely sitting in your car and gazing with rapture at the towering peaks, the brilliant glaciers, the rocky walls, or one of the 200 crystal lakes. Although even in that short a time a feeling of tranquility will fill your spirit.

Stop your car and take one of the easy-graded footpaths a mile or so away from the oiled highway. They're made especially for non-mountain climbers and are clearly marked. Or, better yet, join one of the horseback parties and ride, under the supervision of a trained guide, into the back country.

Plan on spending at least a day and a night (but more if you can) in this Park that was Ernie Pyle's favorite, or in one of the towns on its outskirts. Hundreds of thousands are visiting it every year. Being part of Glacier National Park, for just a few days, will do something away down deep inside of you. When you regretfully leave, you'll feel refreshed, invigorated, at peace, and you'll be returning, for there are few places where worldly troubles are forgotten as quickly as in Glacier. Yes, you'll come back. Everyone does.

DRIVE HIGHWAYS

US 2 US 89 US 93



Flathead Lake in the Park Between the Mountains

Just a few miles south and east of the Belton entrance to Glacier Park, is the site of the Hungry Horse hydroelectric development now under construction. Visitors are welcome.

North on US 93 leads you to lovely Whitefish Lake, a favorite of many, but if you must hurry along, US 2 will take you through wonderful stands of timber that clothe green mountain ranges soaring into the sky. At Libby, vermiculite is mined and processed into mighty handy insulation.

From Kalispell south on US 93 drive along either shore of that sparkling jewel set in the valley named by the Indians, the "Park Between the Mountains". Flathead Lake is the largest natural freshwater lake west of the Mississippi. At the foot of Flathead Lake is Polson, where an annual Regatta and Water Carnival attracts speed boat racers each year.

Continuing on south, you will reach St. Ignatius. Almost 100 years ago the Society of Jesus founded the Mission being used today. Within the church are murals painted by an early-day Brother. His untrained art is extraordinary.

Those magnificent mountains to the east are the Missions, stalwart ramparts protecting the Mission Primitive Area. No highways nor roadways cross this region. It can be seen only on foot or astraddle a mountain trained horse. You are in the Flathead Indian Reservation.

A few miles further and you will see signs announcing the National Bison Reserve. Look sharp along here, for the mammoth animals may be feeding close to the highway. Among the buffalo is a pure albino. In the days before the whiteman this white buffalo would have been, with appropriate ritual, sacrificed to the Sun. Now, except for minor altercations with his brown brothers, he will live his life placidly.

DRIVE HIGHWAYS

US 2 US 93

U. S. Forest Service Photo

INTO THE BACK COUNTRY

WRITE FOR LIST OF GUIDES

Swing aboard your mountain-trained horse. It's time to get the pack string on that trail leading to the far back country where it feels as though no one has ever been. The narrow path, leading through towering forests, is covered by pine needles. Your horse's easy step crushes them and their pungent scent fills the air. Then you're in a little clearing where mountain ramparts reach into an azure sky. You are on the Wilderness road. Your horse's easy, swinging gait almost lulls you to sleep . . . almost . . . for except for the creak of saddle leather, the jangle of the horse's bit, everything is quiet. Then the stillness is broken by a bird's shrill cry, the fluting trill of Montana's favorite singer, the meadow lark, or the saucy chatter of a pine squirrel. Perhaps, just ahead, deer gracefully bound away or an elk runs awkwardly. Grouse startle as they whirr upwards from your cayuse's lightly stepping hooves. The sun streaks through the tree branches, beaming gold here and there until the woods seem a mass of shimmering light and shadow. And the air is benignly bracing with Nature's clean scent of sage or pine or juniper, wind-washed and sun-soaked.

At last you reach your first night's camping place. A little stiff, for you haven't ridden before, you slide from your saddle and thankfully turn your horse over to the trained wrangler. The cook busies himself starting a fire. There is a welcome clatter of cooking utensils and soon the most deliciously savory odor. Something's cooking and you are ravenous.

With the inner man filled you lean back gratefully against a friendly tree. A more ambitious member of your party tramps off to the nearby stream. It is only minutes until he is back with a creel full of pan-sized trout. They'll make mighty fine eating at breakfast.

The camp fire leaps brightly and then begins to turn to embers. It's time to roll into your comfortable sleeping bag. The stars, there seems a million of them, are brilliant and the moon illuminates your little world with a pale light. At first, the stillness you can almost feel scares you a little. You remember you are out in the wilderness. But soon your misgiving passes and is replaced by such peace and tranquility as you've never known. You sleep . . . and how you sleep; deeply, fully, refreshingly.

"Come and Git It" awakens you rudely. But you don't stand on ceremony . . it's breakfast. Seems like you never can get filled.

Your horse is ready, and so are you, for more adventures as you ride deeper into Montana's primitive area. Montana is chuck full of territory that seldom sees visitors. It is the Montana of the mountain men, of Indians, of wild game that have little fear of man. Expertly trained, experienced guides are happy to show these areas to you. Extensive pack trips should be planned ahead, but shorter, single night ones usually can be arranged quickly. If you will write us, we'll be glad to mail you a list of licensed guides and a brief description of each guide's stomping ground.

WESTERN MONTANA

DRIVE HIGHWAYS

US 10 · US 10A · US 93 · MONT 28

This is the far western portion of the Treasure State. Back in the hills vast stands of timber are logged the year 'round. Many young fellows who like the outdoors are finding their life work in the lumber business and a number own and operate their own equipment.

West of an imaginary line drawn from Billings to Kalispell are more than a score of hot springs offering medicinal baths and warm water plunge swimming. At many places accommodations are excellent but there is opportunity for others to be developed into outstanding resorts.

Right smack dab in the middle of Montana 28, which with US 10 Alternate and US 93 forms a triangle in the far western portion of the State, is the town of Hot Springs. Here the facilities are probably more complete than at any other of Montana's 23 locations, for the medicinal hot springs health resort offers the services of doctors, osteopaths, chiropractors, dentists and masseurs.

If you are feeling a little run down, why not take time for a hot plunge or a medicinal bath . . . it'll do you a world of good. Any Montanan in the area will be glad to direct you to the nearest one.

Along US 10, heading west after leaving Missoula, it is mostly lumber country but there are a number of gold camps whose history was as gaudy as any in the State. The Camel's Hump, old timers aver, was so named in memory of camels used as pack animals over the Mullan Road.

Going south on US 93 out of Missoula, you partially follow the route taken by Captains Lewis and Clark when they were on their way to the Pacific in 1805. This is the Bitterroot valley in which grow the most toothsome eatin' apples you ever tasted. Other foods are raised in profusion, too. Near Stevensville is St. Mary's Mission, the first Mission in Montana. It was built by Father DeSmet more than 100 years ago.

When Chief Joseph lead his small tribe of Nez Perce across Lolo Pass in a gallant but futile effort to reach Canada, the white residents armed themselves and marched into the valley to dispute passage. Night fell and the wily strategist moved his tribe around the hastily constructed fort. When the whites awoke, the Indians were gone. The fort has an appropriate name . . . Fort Fizzle.

Montana State Chamber of Commerce Photo

So Long . . . *We'll be Seeing You*

So long and happy riding. As you motor over our paved, dustless highways into deep canyons, over mountain passes and across wide prairies, we hope you will "See Everything" and enjoy every mile. Montana is so large, so fertile, so full of opportunity it is impossible to more than hint at its myriad advantages.

Montana youngsters are favored, for whether they are attending one of the nine accredited colleges, or high schools and secondary schools scattered throughout the State, their education is something special. Montana's educational system is one of the best in the Nation.

By the way, every once in a while there are signs on the edge of the highway that tell about the country through which you are driving. These signs are made big enough so there is no need for you to unlimber yourself from your car to peer at the message. A pilot sign informs you when you are 1,000 feet from one of these historical markers.

As a pleasing change from the torrid cities, eastern and midwestern regions, Montana is pleasantly cool during the evenings . . a blanket or two is a welcome addition to any bed. The days are balmy and air-conditioned by breezes from the mountain peaks.

Many Chambers of Commerce have prepared material about their specific localities. All of it is interesting. If you want information on one area in particular, write to this Department and we'll put you in touch with the right party.

There are many miles of secondary roads that lead you into regions usually missed by the casual traveler. There is something new to see everywhere you drive. While these roads are not high-speed boulevards, they are easy driving. If you hanker to see places that the ordinary traveler misses, drop us a card and we'll do our best to route you into some mighty interesting country.

By this time you probably are suspecting that we Montanans think tolerably well of our State. And you suspect correctly. We are so proud of the Land of Shining Mountains, we want you to come out and help us breathe the salubrious air, enjoy the up-ended mountains and the wide prairies. We want you to cast a line into our cool lakes and rushing streams to hook into a fighting fish or to sight in one of Montana's numerous big game animals or game birds. In fact, Montana's hospitality gate is wide open to vacationists who are looking for something just a little different in the way of scenery, activity and friendliness. It's wide open too, for those who hone to be on their own; where they can get in on the ground floor and grow with a State which has a bright future. Further details on these or other Montana subjects will be sent you on request. But please do not generalize; be specific in your questions and we'll do everything possible to give you the correct answers.

Again, so long and happy motoring; we hope you come and "See Everything in Montana."

Designed and Written by Rad Maxey; repping for the Treasure State.
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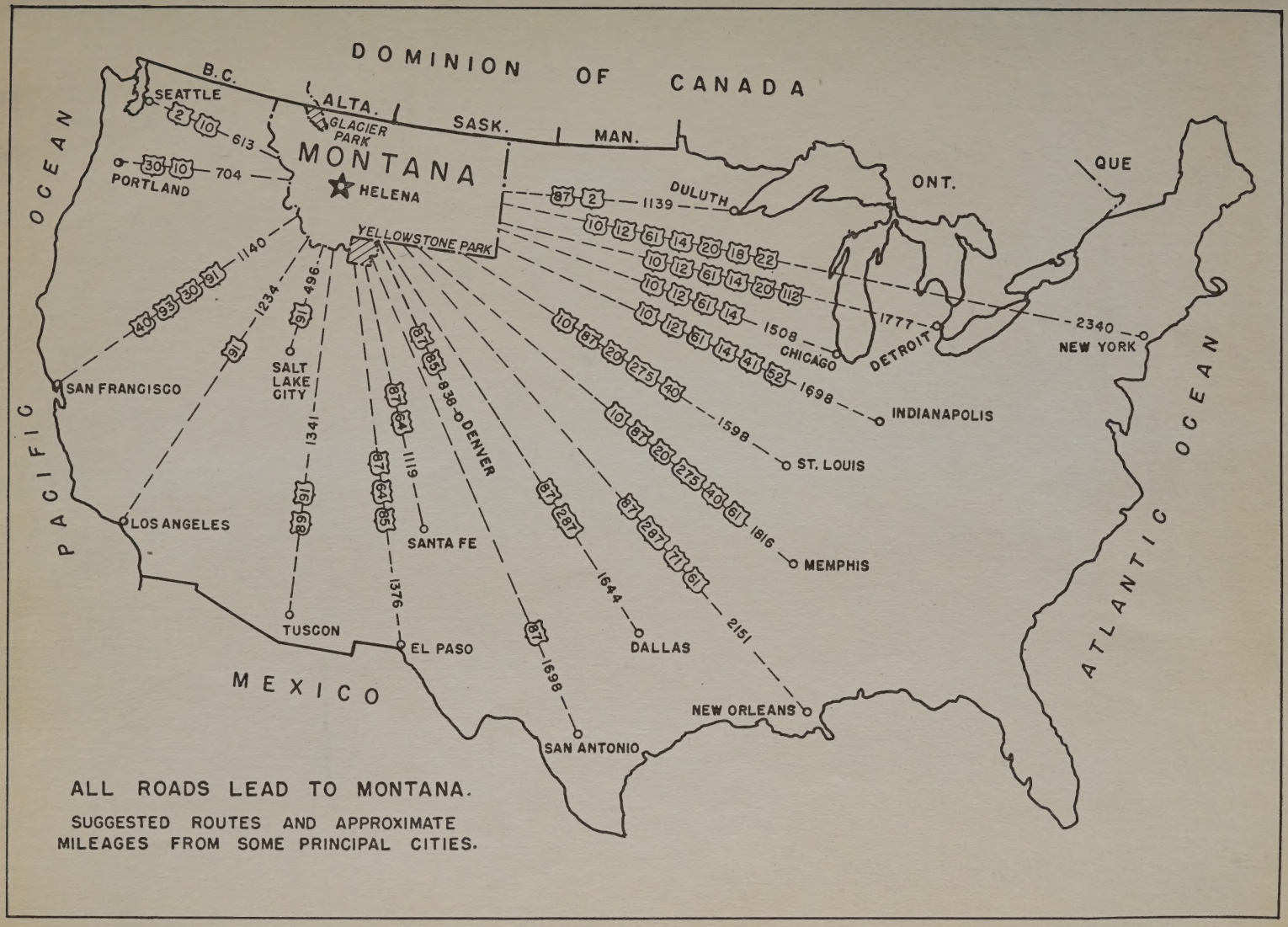

ALL ROADS LEAD TO MONTANA.

SUGGESTED ROUTES AND APPROXIMATE MILEAGES FROM SOME PRINCIPAL CITIES.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF MONTANA